

## BITS OF BYPLAY

By Luke McLuke  
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## Luke McLuke Says

The wisest men fail to remember that it is easier to leave a thing unsaid than it is to try and unsay it.

Anyway, the man who gets married on Friday the Thirteenth, always knows where to place the blame for his troubles.

One of the surest things we know is that even a homely girl is just as pretty as she can be.

There are two sides to every argument—your side and the wrong side.

You can talk about your Rent Profiteers. But the man who marries property pays the most exorbitant rent.

Before you become engaged to a Summer Girl it is just as well to remember that you'll have to support her in Winter.

The reason a Male Boob falls in love with a girl's Naturally Curly Hair is because she spent twelve hours getting it to curl that way.

When some men know their duty they try to stave it off by going to a lawyer and asking for advice in the matter.

Many a poor dub who hasn't any Backbone gets a wife who seems to be all Jawbone.

It is strange that men take so little interest in Art. Art is usually naked, you know.

If you want Sunshine in your home, it might be a good idea to start in by washing the windows.

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Did you know of Our Equipment for  
**VULCANIZING TIRES?**  
Any Hole in Your Tire can be made the  
**STRONGEST PART OF IT,**  
whether Inner Tube or Outer  
Casing, if you will bring it to  
**THE VULCANIZING DEPARTMENT**  
of Our Garage.  
Very reasonable prices.

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H. F. Rouse

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Are lost every year because of improper feed than all other causes combined. Why experiment, when

**Conkey's BUTTERMILK STARTING FEED**  
Will raise more chicks, stronger chicks and better chicks than can be raised by any other method of feeding. Made of pure, concentrated buttermilk and carefully selected grain.

Feed it for the first 8 weeks—then follow with Conkey's BUTTERMILK GROWING FEED.  
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New Goods, New Prices.

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Agents for Pictorial Review Patterns.

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**Genuine Gillett Razors**

**Get one while they last.**

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"The Hardware Hustlers"

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## Bull-Dog Drummond

The Adventures of a  
Demobilized Officer Who  
Found Peace Dull

by CYRIL MCNEILE  
"SAPPER"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY  
IRWIN MYERS

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## SYNOPSIS.

PROLOGUE.—In December, 1918, four men gathered in a hotel in Bern and heard one of the quartet outline a plan to paralyze Great Britain and at the same time seize world power. The other three, Hocking, American, and Steinman, and Von Gratz, German, all millionaires, agree to the scheme, providing another man, Hiram Potts, an American, is taken in. The instigator of the plot gives his name as Comte de Guy, but when he leaves for England with his daughter he decides to use the name, Carl Peterson.

CHAPTER I.—Capt. Hugh (Bulldog) Drummond, a retired officer, advertises for work that will give him excitement, signing "X10." As a result he meets Phyllis Benton, a young woman who answered his ad. She tells him of strange murders and robberies of which she suspects a band headed by Carl Peterson and Henry Lakington of being the leaders.

CHAPTER II.—Drummond decides to go to The Larches, Miss Benton's home. An attempt is made on the road to wreck his machine when another, occupied by Peterson, Lakington and a strange man, blocks the road. While dining with Phyllis Benton and her father Drummond hears a terrible shriek at The Elms. During the night Drummond leaves The Larches and explores The Elms. He discovers Lakington and Peterson using a thumbscrew on an American who signs a paper. Drummond rescues the American after a struggle and takes him to his home. The man is Hiram C. Potts.

(Continued from yesterday)

"Very far from it," answered Hugh briefly. "If you want to know, it was touch and go whether the other thumb didn't share the same fate." He blew out a cloud of smoke and smiled inwardly as he noticed the look of scandalized horror on his companion's face. "It isn't his thumb that concerns me," he continued; "it's his general condition. What's the matter with him?"

The doctor pursed his lips and looked wise, while Drummond wondered that no one had ever passed a law allowing men of his type to be murdered on sight.

"His heart seems sound," he answered after a weighty pause, "and I found nothing wrong with him constitutionally. In fact, I may say, Captain Drummond, he is in every respect a most healthy man. Except—er—except for this peculiar condition."

Drummond exploded. "Damnation take it, man, what on earth do you suppose I asked you to come round for? It's of no interest to me to hear that his liver is working properly." Then he controlled himself. "I beg your pardon, doctor; I had rather a trying evening last night. Can you give me any idea as to what has caused this peculiar condition?"

His companion accepted the apology with an acid bow. "Some form of drug," he answered.

Drummond heaved a sigh of relief. "Now we're getting on," he cried. "Have you any idea what drug?"

"It is, at the moment, hard to say," returned the other. "In a day or two, perhaps, I might be able to—er—arrive at some conclusion."

"Which, at present, you have not. Right? Now we know where we are. As you don't know what the drug is, presumably you don't know either how long it will take for the effect to wear off."

"That—er—is, within limits, correct," conceded the doctor.

"What about diet?"

"Oh! Light. . . . Not too much meat. . . . No alcohol. . . ."

He rose to his feet as Hugh opened the door; really the war seemed to have produced a distressing effect on people's manners. Diet was the one question on which he always let himself go.

"Not much meat—no alcohol. Right. Good morning, doctor. Down the stairs and straight on. Good morning." The door closed behind him, and he descended to his waiting car with cold disapproval on his face.

"Excuse me, sir." The doctor paused and eyed a well-dressed man who had spoken to him uncomplainingly. "Am I right in assuming that you are a doctor?"

"You are perfectly correct, sir, in your assumption."

The man smiled; obviously a gentleman, thought the practitioner, with his hand on the door of his car.

"It's about a great pal of mine, Captain Drummond, who lives in here," went on the other. "I hope you won't think it unprofessional, but I thought I'd ask you privately, how you find him."

The doctor looked surprised. "Captain Drummond, so far as I am aware, has never been better. I—er—cannot say the same of his friend." He stepped into his car. "Why not go up and see for yourself?"

The car rolled smoothly into Piccadilly, but the man showed no signs of availing himself of the doctor's suggestion. He turned and walked

rapidly away, and a few moments later—in an exclusive West End club—a trunk call was put through to Godalming—a call which caused the recipient to nod his head in satisfaction and order the Rolls-Royce.

Meanwhile, unconscious of this sudden solicitude for his health, Hugh Drummond was once more occupied with the piece of paper he had been studying on the doctor's entrance. Beyond establishing the fact that the man in the peculiar condition was Hiram C. Potts, the American multi-

millionaire, he could make nothing out of it.

"If only I'd managed to get the whole of it," he muttered to himself for the twentieth time. "That damn fella Peterson was too quick." The scrap he had torn off was typewritten, save for the American's scrawled signature, and Hugh knew the words by heart.

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AM. C. POTTS.

At length he replaced the scrap in his pocket-book and rang the bell.

"James," he remarked as his servant came in: "You'd better know that as far as I can see we're up against a tough proposition."

"Indeed, sir," murmured his servant. "The gentleman is asking for you, sir." Mrs. Denny's voice from the door made them look round.

Hugh walked quickly along the passage to the room where the millionaire lay in bed.

"How are you feeling?" said Drummond cheerfully.

The man stared at him uncomprehendingly, and shook his head.

"Do you remember last night?" Hugh continued, speaking very slowly and distinctly. Then a sudden idea struck him and he pulled the scrap of paper out of his case. "Do you remember signing that?"

For a while the man looked at it; then with a sudden cry of fear he shrank away.

"No, no," he muttered, not again.

Hugh hurriedly replaced the paper. "Bad break on my part, old bean; you evidently remember rather too well."

"No, No," he muttered, "Not Again."

It's quite all right," he continued reassuringly; "No one will hurt you." Then after a pause—"Is your name Hiram C. Potts?"

The man nodded his head doubtfully and muttered "Hiram Potts" once or twice, as if the words sounded familiar.

"Do you remember driving in a motor car last night?" persisted Hugh.

But what little flash of remembrance had pierced the drug-clouded brain seemed to have passed; the man only stared dazedly at the speaker. Drummond tried him with a few more questions, but it was no use, and after a while he got up and moved toward the door.

"Don't you worry, old son," he said with a smile. "We'll have you jumping about like a two-year-old in a couple of days."

Then he paused; the man was evidently trying to say something. "What is it you want?" Hugh leant over the bed.

"Danger, danger." Faintly the words came, and then, with a sigh, he lay back exhausted.

With a grim smile Drummond watched the motionless figure.

"I'm afraid," he said half aloud, "that you're rather like your medical attendant. Your only contribution to the sphere of pure knowledge is something I know already."

He went out and quietly closed the door. And as he re-entered his sitting-room he found his servant standing motionless behind one of the curtains watching the street below.

"There's a man, sir," he remarked without turning around, "watching the house."

[To be continued tomorrow]

It Pays to Advertise

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